

PROMETHEUS



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December 1970

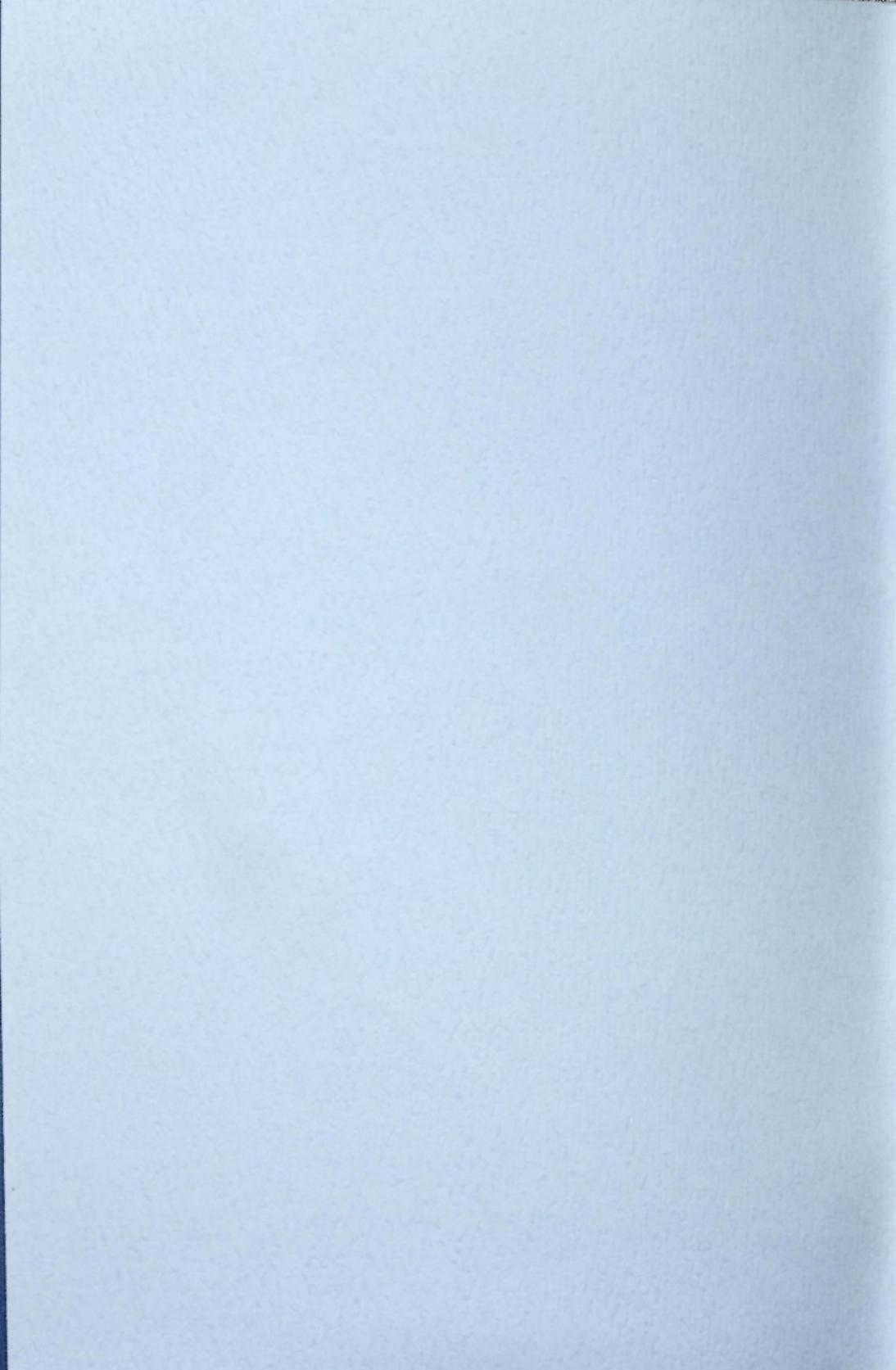
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Somewhere east of here and west of the sea and only a block from the Volkeswagen shop is a fortress; an aging stucco house with a strange foreboding look to it. High windows, bolted doors, and evil brown steps protect it's inhabitants from intruders. Now, as in the early nineteen hundreds when it first came into existence, the house holds a certain dignity to it.

It is unlikely that a passerby would be impressed by the structure. It's set back from the street and sits comfortably behind a mountainous lilac bush. A lilac bush that flowers all winter with snow flake petals. At the rear of the house the flowers are scant and towering ever-greens dominate. Ever-greens that look drastically out of place on the city block.

The reserved atmosphere of the house makes it definitely a house and not a home, and affects the inhabitants accordingly. Hanging in the heart of the house, the top of the landing on the second floor, is an embroidered plaque. In faded letters it reads:

Lord we pray thee
visit this dwelling
and banish from it all
snares of the enemy.
Let thy holy angels
abide here to keep us
in peace; and may thy
blessing be ever upon us.

linda dawson



Drawing by Pamela Altieri

Softly, ever so softly
You came to me
And touched me with your
gentle wing
Your touch was ever so gentle
that I scarce knew you
had come and gone.

alicia waite

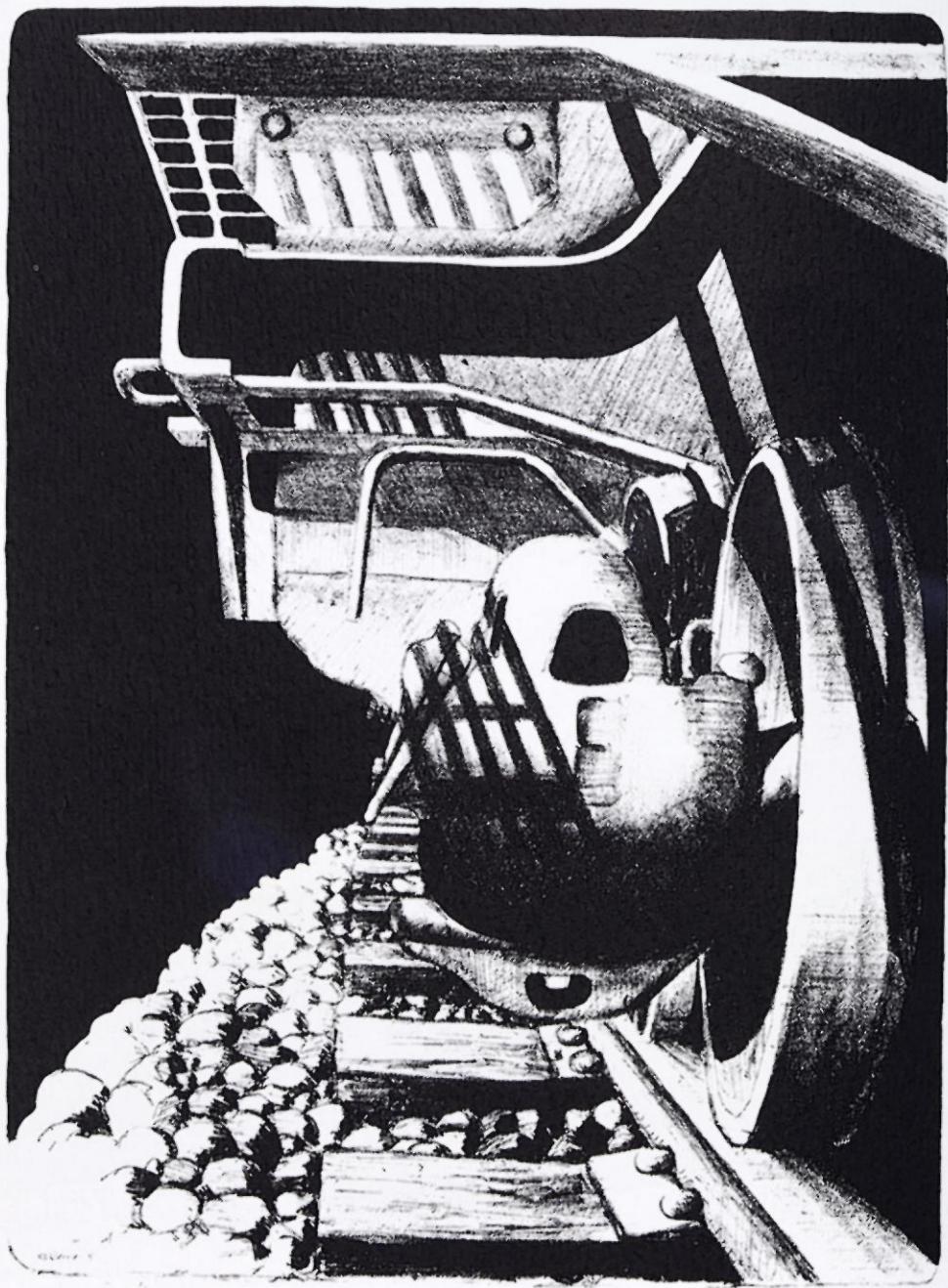
Time has none
Sweet life has no time
And needs none.
She has capricious zest for life,
Her insight out is beautiful;
Natural harmony revolves around her,
and takes in i.

kevin maloney

A gnawing acid hunger ate away at the man's insides, but there was a deeper, crueler kind of hunger that ate away at the man's mind, the hunger to communicate a special message to the pushing, scratching, bickering mob that surged by him. But it was Christmas Eve. They had only a few more hours of shopping until the stores closed. Nothing was going to stand in their way of having a good Christmas, especially this hippie. And, indeed the man did look like a hippie. He was dressed in a long white robe, and sandals, and wore long hair and a long beard. The people pushed him out of their way roughly. Some even made remarks about the "dirty hippie." It seemed as if they were all in a cloud. They were so close to one another, and yet so far away. They touched each other physically. Yet they were lost to one another. Not one of them was aware of the presence of others. No one of them could communicate.

As the man's searching hunger burned deeper, he rationalized for them. They were so busy, so caught up in their own lives. They wanted so much to please their loved ones with beautiful gifts. But the man could not quite convince himself of their goodness. It occurred to him as they pushed him further and further away, that their mood was red, not red as in Christmas colors, happiness, holly berries and wine, but as in a terrible, angry urgency to get things done. Their attitude pained him with a deep piercing ache. As he walked away in the night, he prayed, to his dear Father in heaven. "Please, Father, forgive them; they know not what they do."

august



Lithograph by B. Banville

BACK ON THE ROAD AGAIN

Black freight train smoke stings my eyes
Scenery blurs, flowings past my window
Airplanes and factories pollute the skies
The way I've been travelling, you're a widow

Back on the road again
I'll be wanting you
Back on the road again
I'll be missing you
Back on the road again
again.

Moonlight falls on my empty bed
Cigarette butts smolder in the ashtray
Recurring thoughts of you fill my head
Smoggy sunlight heralds the breaking day

Back on the road again
I'll be wanting you
Back on the road again
I'll be missing you
Back on the road again
again.

Somehow, I think it should all end
My restless wandering, singing my songs
It's with you I should take time to spend
I have been away for much too long.

Back on the road again
I'll be coming home soon
Back on the road again
To be there holding you
Back on the road again
never again.

steve e. belleveau

The Women in the Window

From morning till nigh
she sits at the window with her knitting needles of time
and at night she sews her mind with the thread of a sigh
as she watches cars, people, and children go by.

I went by once and saw her staring out the window
I smiled and waved,
but a smile-in-return she saved
when she quickly turned away.

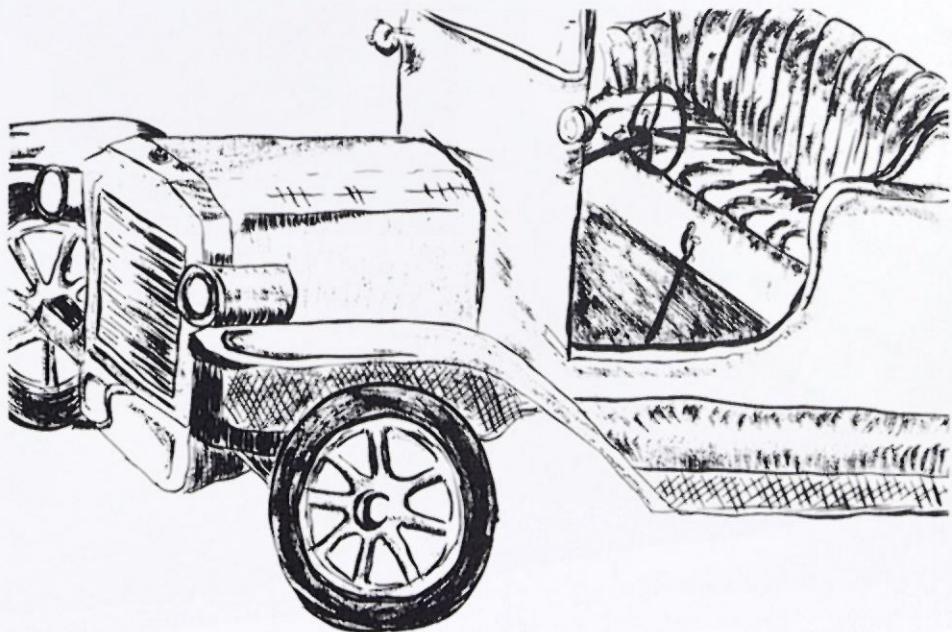
I never see her on the street—
never in the morning, never during the day, never at nite,
but always sitting in the light,
maybe contemplating on life's sorry plight.

marty duart

Chair of Thought

On the porch, rocking,
the man, old and tired.
In his chair
of motion,
what has it been like
in this long,
but short life.
Reclaiming times of
laughter, and friends
who too have grown old
or disappeared.
Now he glances,
waiting for the sunset
for the next day
he too waits,
rocking,
In his chair of thought.

kevin maloney



Drawing by Karen Gauerani



Photo by Andre Banville

Many miles of freedom,
for the taking,
but twice as many hands
pulling, holding back,
afraid to live, forget the
unimportant,
realize true love, beauty;
to live rather than just

exist.

There's so much wealth
outside these doors;
the warmth of the sun
the richness of the grass,
softness of the winds
just for the taking;
But unable to be bought.

debbie cranston

The Foot-Printers

The foot-printers are everywhere—
on the beach during the summer
in the snow during the winter
on the streets in the rain.

They non-chalantly promenade through other footsteps . . .
losing their own amongst the others.

And the sea guzzles the imprints down—
down to the very last pebble.

The wind lugs them flake-by-flake in a portable totebag
and scatters them upon other grounds.

And the rain drenches them and then drop-by-drop
they trickle down the nearest drain.

But when I walk along the beach . . . or in the snow . . .
or on a rainy street . . . I always turn . . .
to watch my foot-prints perish.

marty duart

Remember me?
I'm the keeper of the keys,
who you sat and spoke with,
on the lawn, in the sun,
by the road,
who didn't know what the keys could unlock,
and didn't catch your name.

anne m. coache

A strand of a spider's web, like sunsilver,
drifts peacefully, lazily, almost invisibly
through the air, catching sunlight as
it falls; a bird flys by and both
are no more.

alicia waite



Drawing by Cathy Short

I am a dreamer.
In my world lives only good.
There are no wars.
only love towards all can exist.
The future is past.
Living today is now.

In this world,
all goals are obtained,
all wishes granted.
and the true measuring of soul
is known.
I have a dream.
For only in my dreams can such
a world
exist.

debbie cranston

A Rainy day in December

The rain falls to the earth
and speaks a secret language
known only to window-pane interpreters
and street-puddle walkers
The sunshine skies turned to oblivious threats
but the clouds only burst into a flow of tears.
And soon a rainbow will strew a colorful frown
across the sky
to brighten up the sullen hours of the day and
to make way for the sun to sprinkle
its candied-rays onto the tender grounds below

marty duart

Plastic and un-realistic

City life moves,
the bread you give them is plastic,
oh! let's not be sarcastic.

Moving from one to the other,
you ask the barmaid, "give me
another;"
all she wants is your sweet bread,
but, what do you care with your
floating head.

Surrender it all to them,
you don't care,
watch her dance there's time
to spare;
when miles from home,
the expansioning mind begins to
roam.

Life is very short with little time,
so attempt to have yours start
to rhyme;
what now while watching her dance,
leave and go back into your
un-realistic trance.

kevin maloney

"INTROSPECT"

ALAS! IN THE WIND, OR HAS IT BLOWN AWAY
AGAIN?
IS IT IN A FLOWER PETAL, OR HAS THE STICKY
NECTAR SPOILED?
IS IT IN A MOUNTAIN STREAM, POISONED BY
MAN'S PERFECT DREAM?
IN A PSYCHEDELIC MIND, SO FILLED WITH RAIN-
BOWS UNDIVINE?
PERHAPS BENEATH THE SOLEMN CALM, A FRUIT-
LESS TREE BEFORE YOU STANDS?
NOW WILL YOU PERISH INTO BATTLE, WITH
MAN'S INNER SANCTUM OF REMORSE?

jack lapseritis



Photo by Denis Knowles

Footprints on the shore
A wave rolled in
 and then out again
The footprints were no more
And all that was heard
 was the cry of a lone gull
as he searched the endless
 shore

alicia waite

I watched him
as he hobbled along
each foot planted
carefully
in front of the other
He was ragged
and worn,
and he tittered
with no ease.
But his memories,
hopes,
dreams,
stand firm
in his mind,
like the rocks
on which
the gulls
now
rest.

debbie cranston

lost

"My God, has love died?"
the old man cried
in bed.

"Come, I'll show you where,"
the boy with long hair
then said.

Thrashing in the pond
Central Park looked on
a young girl drowned.
Wow! It was down.

"Bound in our lives, we have died,"
the death toned sage implied
"But why?"
"No it's not, you must realize,"
said the boy with expanded eyes.
"Don't cry."

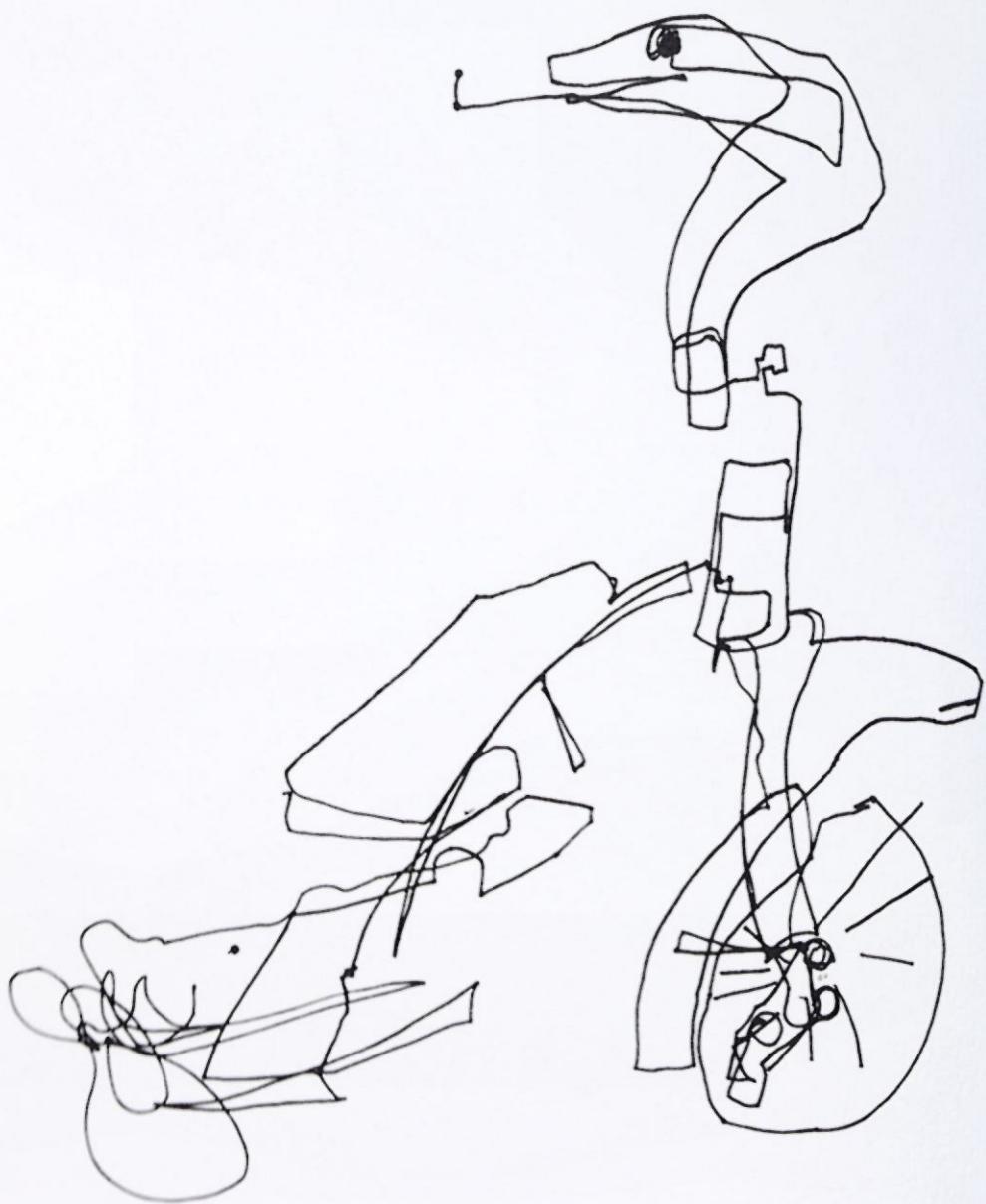
An epileptic on main street
convulsing at the feet
of twenty thousand people passing by
no one heard his frothing cry

"Pardon me sir, but I've crashed.
Let me take a puff of hash,"
he said.
But he was alone in the room
Wisdom had passed in the
 gloom
"He's dead."

steve e. belliveau

the feeling remains,
long after the silence begins;
and continues.
—after
the crowd separates,
goes back to
world.
—after
the earth is cleared
for farming;
and for the farmer . . .
one man,
one farm,
one feeling — Woodstock
. remains.

anne m. coache



Drawing by Robert Lampron

Distance is
the
time
and

S

P

A

C

E

between
the two.

lou thaxton

Odyssey

Velvet eyes
clothed in mosaic
gazed upon

A windowpane
of kaleidoscope depth
while
 changing tides
 swirled at ease
 upon the naked foot

The body
 seemingly
 drifted into Utopia

Then spasmodically returning
to a cloth of mosaic

 virginity
A rose is
 naked for a winter

francis handy

To the girl who sat
 by the window . . .
not too very long ago
and watched the dance of
 the sugar plum fairy
 out on the lawn.

She bowed
 and she was a princess
 in a castle
 made of sugar and
 icing
With a turn of her head
 she was a beautiful ballerina
 dancing on her toes,
 with a crown of diamonds
 on her head.

debbie cranston

The kaleidoscope of life
spins quickly.
The patterns and moments
flash past
like the blinking off and on
of pictures
in an underground movie.
Each moment is unique
and individual.
It is born by the death of its
predecessor.
And dies giving birth to a new
moment, pattern.
Don't blink your eyes,
don't look backward or forward;
you will miss the joy of a
new birth.
The kaleidoscope of life
spins quickly.

august

Dream

Twelve o'clock and all is.
The candle's life, half lived,
 The shadow's darkness spread.
The night's sounds seen,
 by daylight never heard,
And i lay here and dream.

anne m. coache

Each day is one revolution
of a giant whirling
merry-go-round;
the same blurred faces
in the same blurred places
over and over and over.

august



Drawing by Carol Carr

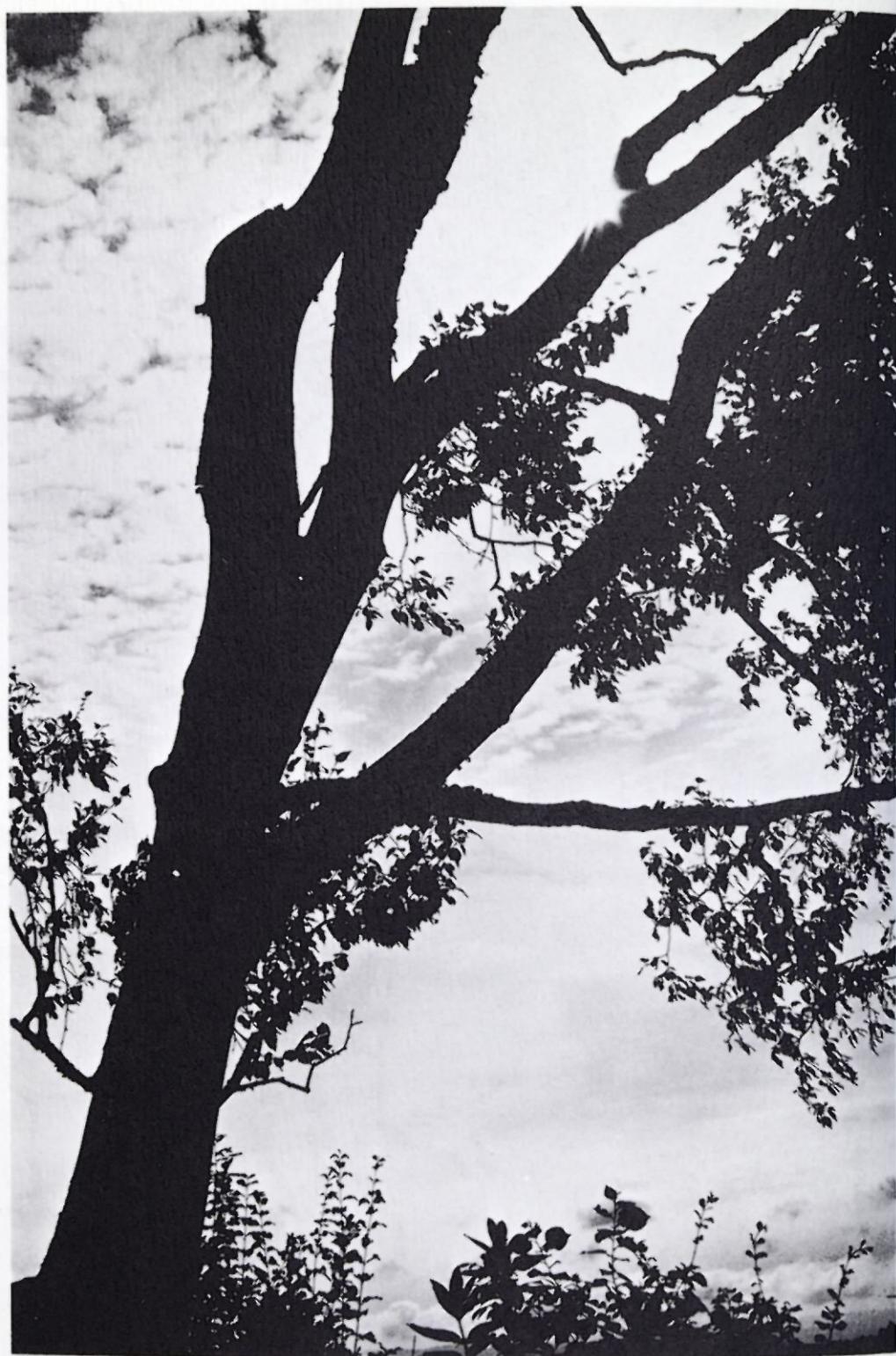


Photo by Andre Banville

With each dawn
a new day.
And with each sunset,
a new night
finds itself,
a very special place to rest.

anne m. coache

